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Lay Hold on Eternal Life.

(‘Friendly Greetings.’)

‘Lay hold on eternal life;’ that is to say, possess it. Get it into your soul; be yourself alive. What am I saying? My brethren, this eternal life must come to you ere you will come to it. The Holy Spirit must breathe upon you, or you will remain in your natural death. Behold, He sends me to cry, ‘Ye dry bones live!’ and therefore I dare speak as I have done. Apart from a divine commission I dare not speak thus to you.

How is eternal life grasped? Well, it is laid hold of by faith in Jesus Christ. It is

godliness in deeds of holiness and loving kindness. Let your life be love, for love is life. Let your life be one of prayer and praise, for these are the breath of the new life. We still live the animal and mental life, but these must be the mere outer courts of our being: our innermost life must be a ritual, and be consecrated to God.

Henceforth be devotion your breathing, your heart-beat, meditation your feeding, self-examination your washing, and holiness your walking. Let your best life be most thought of, and most exercised.

Be not content to use your eyes, but practise your faith in God; neither be satisfied

Dorothy’s Birthday.

(L. M. Montgomery, in the ‘American Messenger.’)

‘What a sweet little woman!’ said or thought everybody who met Aunt Mattie on the street that morning.

Nobody noticed that her neat black dress was old-fashioned, or that her comfortable bonnet had a countrified air. People saw only a lovely smile and kind eyes, and soft, silvery-white hair framing in one of the sweetest faces in the world.

Some might have thought that she had come to market, because of the big basket she carried on her arm. But Aunt Mattie knew better. That basket contained six rolls of butter, golden and sweet, such as was never made save in Aunt Mattie’s dairy under the big willows; and the rolls were arranged around a pan full of big, ripe strawberries. Aunt Mattie had risen at sunrise that summer morning to pick them. And butter and berries were for Amy, because Amy, dear child, thought there were no berries or butter equal to those which came from Willow Farm.

Right in the middle of the dingy manufacturing town, a whole block had been scooped out for ‘Westlands,’ where Amy lived. Aunt Mattie paused at the gate and looked over it approvingly. The big, old-fashioned house, stuck all over with gables and ‘look-out’ windows, suggestive of cosy corners, was built on a little hill in the centre of the grounds. From it the turf, green and soft as velvet, sloped down to the country-like tangle of trees that swept around the four sides of the block.

‘What a place for children to romp in,’ said Aunt Mattie, softly, and then sighed. There were no children at ‘Westlands’ to tumble on the velvet grasses or climb the big trees, or play hide-and-seek in the dogwoods.

Aunt Mattie did not go to the big front door that faced the driveway, but trotted around the house like a woman who knew perfectly well where to go. Em’ly had seen her coming, and had the side door open for her.

There were only two people in the world who ever caught Em’ly in the act of smiling. One of these was her mistress, the other was Aunt Mattie.

‘My, but I’m glad to see you,’ she said heartily, her gaunt, honest face all aglow with welcome. ‘I was just wishing to myself that you’d come.’

‘How is Amy?’ asked Aunt Mattie, as she untied her bonnet strings and peered into her basket to make sure that the butter and berries had not got mixed up.

Emily sighed. ‘Well enough in body, Miss Ellis. But you know this is Dorothy’s birthday. And she always takes it so hard. She shuts herself up in Dorothy’s room before her picture all day. You see I’ve got all the blinds drawn. She can’t bear to see the sunshine coming in to-day. She always keeps Dorothy’s birthday like this.’

‘I’ll go up and see her,’ said Aunt Mattie, tenderly. ‘I’m sure she won’t mind seeing me.’

She went swiftly up the broad, old-fashioned staircase and along the hall to the little white room she knew so well.



‘INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.’

a very simple thing to trust the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet it is the only way of obtaining the eternal life. Jesus saith, ‘He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believeest thou this?’

By faith we have done with self, and all the confidences that can ever grow out of self; and we rely upon the full atonement made by the Lord Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation; it is thus that we come to live. Faith and the new life go together, and can never be divided. God grant that we may all lay hold on eternal life by laying hold of God in Christ Jesus.

This life once laid hold upon is exercised in holy acts. From day to day we lay hold on eternal life by exercising ourselves unto

to exercise your limbs in moving your body, but in the power of the new life mount up with wings as eagles, run without weariness, walk without fainting. Lay hold on the eternal life by exercising it continually, and never allowing it to lie dormant.

Remember that spiritual life is enjoyed in the fullest sense in close communion with God. ‘This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.’ ‘Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace.’ Do not think that those gates of heaven cut us off from God; for they are never shut, and we may enjoy daily fellowship with Him who reigns within. In heaven or on earth we are in the same Father’s house: yea, we dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—C. H. Spurgeon.

'It's me, Amy, dear,' she called, as she tapped softly, and then, opening the door she went in.

A pale, slender woman in black came forward to meet her and clasped the tiny little old lady in her arms. Aunt Mattie kissed and patted her head as if she had been a child. Then she went to the window and threw up the blind.

'Don't shut the sunshine out, Amy. It ought to shine into every home and heart all the time.'

'This is Dorothy's birthday, you know, Aunt Mattie,' said Mrs. Ellis in a trembling voice. 'If she had lived she would have been ten years old to-day.'

Aunt Mattie sat down on the little rocker by the window and looked at her niece kindly and gravely. None knew better than she the depth and bitterness of that sorrow. Five years ago there had been buried, in golden-haired Dorothy's grave all the brightness and happiness of her widowed mother's life. Amy had never recovered from the blow.

Aunt Mattie's tender old heart ached for her, but she did not believe in the idle indulgence of a grief. She thought the time had come to speak seriously and wisely to Amy.

'I don't know why you always spend the day in darkness, Amy,' she said gently; 'instead of spending the dear little one's birthday in gloom and sorrow, you ought to make it a day of rejoicing, because it once brought you a joy and a delight that was yours for five lovely years. Nothing can ever take those five years from you, Amy. You ought to make every birthday of Dorothy's a thanksgiving for those five years.'

'I never thought of it like that,' said Mrs. Ellis musingly. 'But it is a beautiful thought. You always have such beautiful thoughts, Aunt Mattie. What would you do with the day?'

'I would have a birthday party for Dorothy,' said Aunt Mattie. 'You have a lovely house here, Amy, and grounds that were meant for children. Throw them open to them for one day in the year at least. Ask every child here that Dorothy, dear heart, would have asked, if she had been living—and that would be everyone she knew, I am sure, for she had the sweetest, most loving disposition ever put into a baby's heart. Have them all here and give them a good time. There are lots of poor children living all around you who would think it was a little bit of heaven to come here for a day.'

'I am afraid I've been very wicked and selfish, Aunt Mattie,' said Mrs. Ellis thoughtfully. 'I've never been able to bear the sight of children since Dorothy died. It just cut me to the heart. I've avoided them wherever possible, and I don't believe there has been a child inside the gate of 'Westlands' for these five years.'

'There you have done very wrong, dear. You have shut God's love out of your heart for five years, just as you are shutting his sunshine out of your house to-day. Open them both, Amy, and you'll find a comfort you never dreamed of.'

Mrs. Ellis bent down and kissed the little woman's soft, white hair.

'You dear Aunt Mattie! I'll do just as you say. I'll have a birthday party for Dorothy this very day. It isn't too late, because it's Saturday, and the children will be at home. I can send uptown for cake and fruit and ice cream. But you must help me, too!'

'I'll do all I can. And first thing, I'll go down and confer with Em'ly. She'll be glad too, I know.'

Jubilee Awards Announced.

Probably none of those who secured the awards expected them on such small remittances, with one exception.

We are daily receiving most congratulatory letters concerning the "Witness" Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the "Witness." In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications EACH DAY. (Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer).

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars. This is an opportunity to obtain a handsome Bible.

The list to date with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Nov. 15th, Wednesday, Mrs. Christie, Truro, N.S. . . . \$ 2.00
Nov. 16th, Thursday, Mr. W. McKillican,
Vankleek Hill, Ont. . . . 3.80
Nov. 17th, Friday, Mr. John Ritchie, Howick, Que. . . 20.30
Nov. 18th, Saturday, Mr. J. Freeman, Fernandina, Fla. . 2.30

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles free.

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

See our JUBILEE OFFERS on another page.

'Everything must be done, just as if Dorothy were here,' said Mrs. Ellis, softly. 'At this late hour, I can't ask many children, so I'll just ask those who would have been in her Sunday school class. Their teacher, Miss Trueman, lives just over the street, and I will run over and get her to address the invitations.'

In a very few minutes 'Westlands' seemed a different place. Blinds were up, windows and doors open, and the sunshine and wind were streaming through the beautiful rooms. Aunt Mattie and Em'ly were scurrying from pantry to kitchen with faces of great importance. Orders were being sent uptown. China and glass and silver were being hunted out and polished. Mrs. Ellis was flitting from room to room, heaping vases and jars with the loveliest flowers of the garden.

'The very best shall be given to the children for Dorothy's sake,' she said.

Dorothy's picture was brought down to the parlor and placed on an easel there.

'I want the children to remember that it is her party,' she said to Miss Trueman, who had come over to help too.

'It is a lovely idea,' said Miss Trueman.

'All Aunt Mattie's ideas are lovely,' responded Mrs. Ellis. 'She is so good and sweet through and through that she couldn't think of anything that wasn't, even if she tried.'

Later on Mrs. Ellis came downstairs with a dress of soft, silvery gray silk on her arm.

'Dearest of aunties, I'm going to put this on to-day. You know I've never worn anything but black since Dorothy died. But this is her party, so I must dress in honor of it. I'll wear this dress; it is a little old-fashioned, but the children will not care for that.'

In the afternoon the children came, rather shy and timid at first. But Mrs. Ellis, in the lovely silk dress, with pink roses in her hair, was so kind and beautiful and Aunt

Mattie so sweet and lovable that they soon felt at home.

I am sure that not one of those children ever forgot that birthday party. What a splendid time they had. The beautiful old house and grounds rang with laughter and happy voices. I really don't know which enjoyed themselves the most, the little guests or the four women who waited on them and frolicked with them.

And before they went home the children did something that was very sweet. I think the little dark-eyed girl who was so grave and shy and thoughtful suggested it first. But they all went to the lily-of-the-valley beds under the big chestnuts and picked a fragrant spray, and then all went together into the parlor and laid the blossoms in a fragrant heap under Dorothy's picture.

'Wasn't it sweet of them?' said Mrs. Ellis with shining eyes, when she found the lilies there after the tired, delighted children had gone. 'Oh, Aunt Mattie, this has been such a beautiful day. Dorothy has seemed so near to me. And I am full of plans for the children. This day shall be "Dorothy's Day," and on it "Westlands" shall be thrown open to every chick and child, high and low, in town. And that isn't all. I've been talking to Miss Trueman and I mean to do all I can for the children; I know there is so much I can do for them, especially the factory children. I am rich, and all the money that would have been Dorothy's, shall be spent in bringing happiness into the lives of other little ones. Aunty, dear, I can never thank you enough. Your beautiful "thanksgiving" idea was an inspiration.'

'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,' said Aunt Mattie, softly. 'You see, Amy, the joy you gave those children has crept back into your heart tenfold. I don't wonder that Dorothy seems near you. I don't doubt that she is. I believe that she was here at her birthday party, bless her, and I believe she always will be.'

'I believe it, too,' said Dorothy's mother with a glad smile.

BOYS AND GIRLS

It's Summer-time Somewhere

When fall the wintry flakes of frost, it's summertime somewhere—
Violets in the valleys, bird songs in the air;
The chilly winds, they only blow the lily's lips apart;
It's summer in the world, my dear, when it's summer in the heart.
When gray the skies are glooming, it's summer in the dells—
In the merry songs of reapers, in the tinkling of the bells.
The sweet south skies are brightening as with spring-time's magic art,
But the sweetest reason, dearest, is the summer in the heart.
Still, still the birds are singing, and still the groves are green,
And still the roses redden, and the lovely lilies lean;
Love fades not with the season; when summer days depart,
It's summer still, my dearest, in the Eden of the heart.

—Frank L. Stanton.

'Stretching the Long Bow.'

People call exaggeration 'stretching the long bow'; you know what it means—to 'exaggerate.' Suppose I give you a penny, and you tell some one, 'Oh, I have just received a "tremendous" lot of money'; or suppose your teacher says, 'That copy is well written,' and you say, 'Mother, my teacher says I write "splendidly"; then you are guilty of exaggeration—of making a fact seem greater than it really is.

The other day I saw a little lad showing his cap (which, perhaps, cost two shillings) to another boy, and I heard him say, 'Mother paid one pound for this cap. I like it very much; I would not sell it for ten pounds.'

Was it not foolish of the child to utter such words as these?

Be truthful in little things, dear children, as well as great.—'Sunday Reading.'

A Newsboy's Bank.

He was very little and his clothes were ragged and his hands red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way. One funny thing about it was that he never came on pleasant days, but I grew accustomed to see him take up his position and call his papers while the snow whirled around him and the wind tried its best to take him off his feet. At last I became curious, and determined to find out why he never came when the sun was shining and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried across the street with a cheerful 'Here you are! A "Record," did you say?'

A moment later I had him before the grate, and his eyes resembled those of a great mastiff as the warmth penetrated his shivering body.

'It's terribly cold' I began.

'Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse,' was the answer.

'But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?' I continued.

'Ye-sa, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can,' nodding at the house across the way.

'Why, do your papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?'

'No,' with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; 'scarce ever sell one here.'

'Why do you come, then?'

'Do you want to know the real reason?'

'Yes, indeed,' I replied earnestly.

'Well, one day pretty near a year ago I was most done for; couldn't sell any papers, and was about froze, and if I'd known any place to go, I would have crawled off somewhere and give it all up. While I was thinkin' of all this, a couple of fellows passed me, and one of 'em says, "He's richer'n Croesus now, an' to think he was a beggar only a few years ago." "A beggar!" says t'other fellow. "Yes, or what amounts to pretty much the same thing—a newsboy—and I've heard him say dozens of times that nothing but pluck and the grace of God would ever had brought him through." "An' his house is in the next street, you say?" "Yes, we go right past it."

'I followed 'em till they came to the house over there and while I stood looking at it something seemed to say to me that, if that man could build a house like that when he'd begun by being a newsboy, I could, too. Then I wondered over what the men had said. They'd gone on out of sight, and I said over and over, "Pluck and the grace of God." Then I made up my mind I'd got the pluck all right, and I'd ask over and over for the grace of God. I didn't just know what that was, but every time I was alone I'd just say what I could remember of the Lord's Prayer, and finish up with "An' give me the grace of God."

'If you'll believe it, I begun to get along right away. I'm saving money now to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over and say "Pluck and the grace of God" over to myself a few times.—'Ram's Horn.'

Thomas Newcomb's Question

(Prof. A. F. Caldwell, in 'Christian Union Herald'.)

'Twas early Saturday morning. Harold Kingman sat under the shade of the wide spreading maple at the corner of the shed thinking. In fact, his mind was made up—he would apply that afternoon for the situation in Thomas Newcomb's apothecary shop, the largest and best equipped drug store in Newfield.

'There's no need of my going to school any more,' he reasoned, 'old's I am. Father was at work before he was my age—I've heard him say so scores of times!'

Unbeknown to Mrs. Kingman, Harold, whose fifteenth birthday was a fortnight before, had brought home his books on Friday afternoon, and had carefully hidden them away in an old hair trunk, among a pile of faded yellow letters in the garret.

'The notice says to apply between two and three o'clock,' and Harold took from his vest pocket a piece of crumpled paper cut the day before from the Newfield 'News.' 'Four dollars a week for the right boy,' he read.

'I suppose there'll be a dozen fellows who'll want the job, but I guess my chances are as good as anyone's—better, for every one in Newfield knew father, before the boiler at Longman & Hall's blew up. I suppose he'll ask me lots of questions, judging from what it says about a "right boy," but I'm a good

penman and can spell, and there isn't a second year fellow who can reckon any better than I can. I love figures!'

While Harold sat there conjecturing Phil Ambrose came along.

'Haven't left school, have you, Harold? I saw you take your books home with you yesterday!'

'I s'pose I have,' confusedly, glancing furtively towards the house whose kitchen windows were open. 'I'm going to work!'

'Your mother willing?' asked Phil, in surprise.

'Why, I—I suppose she is—she hasn't objected,' coloring. 'Don't you think I'm old enough? I'm going on sixteen!'

'I suppose so, only—she told the principal one day this week—I was in his office on an errand for Miss Ferrand—she wanted him to encourage you in your Latin all he could, for she planned for you to go to college—where your grandfather graduated. I'm sorry you've left, with the term so nearly out,' gathering up the reins. 'Settled on a job yet?'

'No! I—I'm expecting one at—'

'I saw Newcomb's advertisement in yesterday's 'News,' but he's awfully particular—so folks say. He's a stickler on questioning new fellows, so George Howe thinks—he's worked for him five or six years I should judge; anyhow, it's been a long while!'

'I wonder if he will—if he'll ask me direct if—'

Harold shifted uneasily to a spot where there was more shade.

'Course not—that's not about what I can do, and from what the advertisement says he wants a fellow who can work, and one who will take an interest in the business!'

Harold Kingman lived a mile and a quarter from the thriving village, on the old Fairbanks place. 'Twas a roomy, rambling house, set in from the road, surrounded by tall shade trees, with here and there a quiet, self-possessed old apple tree that seemed to add a becoming dignity to the restful spot.

'I see Mr. Newcomb wishes another boy in his store,' remarked Mrs. Kingman at dinner that day, helping Harold to a second dish of berries. 'I wish Clarence Williams could get such a place. Too bad he had to leave school—'tis such a misfortune, you know as he is; he's only a month and a half older than you. And Clarence is such a nice boy; he's a regular mainstay to Mrs. Williams, and has been from a little fellow.'

'Perhaps he can—'

'No,' interrupted Mrs. Kingman; 'he agreed to stay at Sillimon's six months when he went there, and I'm sure Mrs. Williams wouldn't want her son to break an agreement—to do a dishonorable thing.'

'Supposing she wouldn't know,' without looking up.

'But she would; Clarence wouldn't deceive his mother any more than you would me, Harold. And if he should, Mr. Newcomb would find it out.'

As soon as dinner was over Harold hurried from the table.

'I wish when you go to the village you'd run into Mrs. Jewett's for me; I want to get a pattern she has.'

'I—I wish mother hadn't said that,' thought Harold to himself, going slowly down the road, 'any more'n I would her! But it—it isn't deceiving her when I'm going to get work—that's helping her!'

However hard he tried, no argument that Harold advanced could drive away the heavy

feeling' inside that was so very uncomfortable. It stayed with him till he reached the steps of Thomas Newcomb's busy establishment.

'It must be between two and three now.' Harold slowly opened the door and went in. 'Mr. Newcomb? He's in his private office; please step this way.'

An attendant ushered Harold into a plainly furnished room where the busy proprietor was writing at his desk.

'In just a moment I'll be at leisure,' hastily glancing up.

Harold felt ill at ease.

'You came in response to my advertisement?' and Mr. Newcomb faced about in his revolving office chair.

'Yes, sir!'

'Please copy this letter,' giving Harold a place at the desk. 'Take your time; I want to see your penmanship.'

Only the rapid movement of the pen broke the silence.

'Very good,' as Harold handed him the written page. 'How about your spelling?'

Harold missed only one word of the many really difficult ones put out to him.

'Excellent! Now if you are as good at figures as you are in spelling!'

'I'm better, I think,' suggested Harold, gaining confidence.

'Well, here's a pencil; it won't take long to tell. I believe you are,' looking over the work.

'Now some general questions. You're about fifteen?'

'I was fifteen two weeks ago Thursday.'

'Always lived in Newfield?'

'Yes, sir; my father was Lawrence Kingman.'

'To be sure; an excellent man. ——— a terrible thing, that accident. Been kept in school right along?'

'Yes, sir—until yesterday.'

'And you left to—'

'Apply for the place here.'

'I see; now one more question.'

Harold's heart beat rapidly. 'Suppose he should want to know it—'

'It's a question I always ask a new boy. With your general fitness I am very well pleased; exceptionally so. Can—your—mother—trust—you?'

Mr. Newcomb looked straight in the face of the boy before him. Harold's eyes fell.

'I—I—' He hesitated. 'No; sir—she can't!'

'Then I'm afraid—if a boy deceives his mother—a stranger could hardly trust him.'

'My—my leaving school and coming here is the first time—'

'That it's happened,' making Harold's embarrassment as light as possible. And if it turns out to be the last, laying a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder, 'sometime in the future I may have a place for—'

'Thank you, sir,' interrupted Harold, turning away his head, 'it will be!'

'I didn't realize before,' said Harold, slowly to himself, returning from the village that afternoon, 'how useless a fellow is, no matter what other qualifications he has, if he can't be trusted!'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Helpfulness.

(John M. Morse, in the 'North-western Christian Advocate'.)

A cheerful look will help to light
The gloomy path that many tread;
Will help illumine their darkest night,
Dispelling clouds of dread.

Grief-stricken hearts will gladly hail
The kindly aid that you can give.
Your cheerful looks and words prevail,
And drooping spirits live.

This world has many a rugged road
Where pilgrims pass with aching feet;
Help where you can to lift their load;
The recompense is sweet.

A hand to help, a kindly voice,
A cheerful, earnest look of love;
And careworn hearts shall yet rejoice
To find their home above.

The Rule That Tommy Made

'I say there, boy, want to earn a nickle?' Tommy Tolliver, the new errand boy at the factory jumped to his feet. Want to earn a nickle? Was there ever a boy who wanted it more? Tommy wondered.

'Just you run round the corner to Pat Ryan's saloon, and get this pail full of beer. Here's the change. We'll pay you the nickle when you come back,' said one of a group of men who were eating their lunch in the corner of the room.

Tommy's face flushed. 'I can't do it,' he said.

'Why can't you? You ain't much of a kid if you can't carry a pail of beer two blocks.'

'That's just the trouble,' answered Tommy, with a flash of the eye. 'I'm a lot too strong to carry a pail of beer even one block. I've had enough of the stuff. If it had not been for beer, I wouldn't be working here doing what my father ought to be doing—taking care of my mother and the youngsters. I'd be in school, like other boys.'

'Say, sonny, you better do it this time,' counselled a good-natured young man, 'or they'll complain to the superintendent about everything you do.'

'You'll have to do it, that's all there is to it,' said the first speaker. 'The boss put you here to run our errands. So just you take that pail, and don't you show up here again till it's filled. Hear?' And the pail was thrust into the boy's hand.

Just outside the door Tommy hesitated for a second, thinking hard.

'That man in there isn't the head man,' he argued. 'Of course, if it comes to the boss telling me I've got to do it, I'll have to hunt for a new place; but I'm not going to give up easy.'

Straight round the corner went Tommy to the main entrance, up the broad steps to the elevator. The elevator boy directed him to the room where 'the whole push, President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, were holding an important meeting.'

Boldly Tommy knocked at the door, and found himself facing a room full of prosperous-looking men; so prosperous, indeed, in dress, that Tommy glanced down in sudden shame at his own shabby garments.

'Well, my boy, what's the trouble?' asked the gentleman, who seemed to be at the head of affairs.

'I'm Tommy Tolliver, the new errand boy in the factory,' said Tom, bravely. 'I just came yesterday, and the men down there say

I've just got to get this pail full of beer or I'll be fired quick. I came up here to find the real boss. Say, is it so? Have I got to carry their beer for them?'

The man looked seriously down into the boy's anxious face, as he answered with another question:

'Suppose you have? What will you do about it, young man?'

Quick as a flash the answer came back, in a respectful but spirited tone:

'Do? I reckon there ain't but one thing to do, and that's to hunt another job. I can't go into the beer business for anybody.' There was a subdued murmur of applause in the room.

'Well, my boy, neither are we in the beer business, and I think it's about time we had some pretty stiff rules posted up in our building concerning that very thing. What do you say?' he asked, turning to the other gentlemen in the room.

'I suggest that we draft such a notice immediately, have it written out on a typewriter, and put a copy in the pail, and send it back by this young man. Then the men can't say anything to the boy.'

Before the day was over notices were posted all over the building, forbidding the use of beer and liquors of all kinds on the premises. Neither did the President forget the new boy in the factory, but when, a few weeks later, a new office boy was needed in the head office, he sent word to the Superintendent of the factory that he would like to have 'the boy with the backbone' sent up to take the position. And although no name was mentioned, the Superintendent smiled a knowing smile, and called out loud, so all could hear.

'Tommy Tolliver, the President wants to see you in his office!' South-western Presbyterian.

The Difference the Tide Made

I had an experience the other day under a bridge. It was a bridge over a tidal river running into—and out of—Buzzard's Bay. A few hours before, my boat had shot under the bridge with the speed of an arrow, borne on the rush of the incoming tide. No oars were necessary to keep the boat in the middle of the current and away from the rocks. But as I started to return, twelve hours later, things had changed.

The river had changed. It was an incoming tide once more. And my relation to the river had changed. Then I was with it, now I was against it.

And, dear me, what a tug it was! Bend to the oars, pull frantically for ten minutes, and lo, I was opposite precisely the same boulder on the shore as when I began! Turn to the quiet waters along the bank and row up to the bridge, then dart into those rushing waters and—pff!—they catch the boat and whirl it around like a cork and send it back where it came from. The incoming tide was swift as any mill-race, and the usually silent river was noisy in its turbulence.

After many vain attempts, we took the long anchor rope—my friend and I—and tied it to the further end of the bridge, floated the loose end through, tied the boat to it, and by dint of much pulling and boot-soaking and arm-straining, got the skiff ingloriously through and made our difficult way up the still hostile river on the other side and so out into the bay.

But I had learned a lesson—bought it with an aching back and blistered hands. And the lesson was this:

There is a tide in all the affairs of men. It is the great current of God's will. It does not rise and fall like the ocean's tides. It set always in the same direction, and it moves with steady force.

It flows, I say, through everything. The ancient Greeks had a philosophy whose central maxim was, 'All things are flux'; that is, there is in all the universe no such thing as rest. Everything is in constant motion. Modern science has come to the proof of this old philosophy. It shows that there is no stone, however solid and stolid it appears, but its particles (could some powerful microscope disclose them) are whirling in wonderful orbits in and out among themselves, with chasms between like the interstellar spaces. The massive globe to its ultimate atom is its life. The massive globe to its ultimate atom is in continual movement, and that movement is its life.

And it is precisely thus, as I have said, with the higher universe of mind. Through it all flow the tidal currents of God's providence. We may move with it, and our boats glide along without our effort. We lay our hands to the oars, and every stroke tells grandly. We are in perfect control of the boat, and can turn it this side or that with a touch. Oh, it is glorious, rowing with the tide!

But, once in a while—foolishly enough, for no worthy goal lies that way—we turn against the tide. At once our swift speed changes to a snail's pace. At once our easy control of the boat has become a difficult one. At once the way grows hard and fierce and desperate. By this device and that, we manage to get along, but ingloriously enough. Oh, but it is hard work rowing against the tide!

And I won't try to do it—in my spiritual life—any more.—Christian Endeavor World.

Lights Above and Below.

Uncle Zach, coming into the house one evening, found it unlighted, and stumbled against chairs and tables.

'Oh, wait a minute!' called Molly's voice from somewhere in the gloom. 'I was just watching the moon from the front window, and I forgot to light the lamps,' she explained.

The old man was rubbing a bruised elbow, but he looked down at her with a kindly twinkle in his eyes:

'The moon is all well enough, Molly, child, but it's up in the sky, ye mind, and the thing we need to make us comfortable down here is the lamps lighted in the house. There's a deal of starin' into heaven for illumination by folks that forgit to keep the lights burnin' in their own houses. There's many stumble and fall for lack of the light nearby, while the one that should have tended to it is watchin' for some great light afar. Don't be one of that kind, child. Look up all you like, but be sure your lamps are lighted. God's lights are well worth studyin', but it's your own He's biddin' ye take care of.'—Selected.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Don't Begin.

Don't begin to grumble; don't begin to fret; Things, maybe, are tiresome, they'll be brighter yet.

Don't begin to fancy yours a grievous load: There's a bigger burden just across the road.

Don't begin to worry over what 'they say'; Take your task and do it, that's the better way.

Don't begin to trifle o'er your little things: Bees sound pretty, buzzing; but their tails have stings;

Don't begin to chatter of the strange news: Time is only lent you; why a moment lose?

Don't begin to idle hours in useless play: Earth-life is your school-time, 'home' is far away.

Don't begin to whisper that your way seems best; 'Come to Me,' says Jesus; 'I will give you rest.'

Don't begin to mutter, 'Any day will do'; Death has summoned many; will the next be you?

Don't begin to envy; jealousy is blind; Keep the smiles before you, fold the scowls behind.

Don't begin to wander from the narrow road: They alone are happy who can walk with God.

Don't begin to weary o'er your lot alone: If you love the Saviour, He and you are one.

Downward, ever downward, falls the slope of sin:

Stopping is not easy; therefore, DON'T BEGIN!

—'English Leaflet.'

Alfred, the Knight.

(Margaret P. Boyle in 'Great Thoughts'.)

'Come, Alfred, will you please help me with the dishes now?' said Mrs. Morris one evening. Alfred hesitated. He was always so ready and willing to help her that his mother stopped with her hands full of dishes and looked at him in surprise. 'What is the matter, Alfred? Don't you feel well?'

'O, yes, mother, I feel all right,' answered Alfred, slowly rising from his chair and following his mother into the kitchen. 'It isn't such hard work, mother; I really don't mind doing them a bit. The reason I didn't want to is because—' and the boy stopped again.

Alfred hung his head, and the red slowly mounted into his face as he replied, 'I'll tell you all about it, mother. You remember last night George Nevius came here and wanted me to go round to his house with him, and I told him I couldn't?'

'Yes,' said his mother. 'Didn't he like that?'

'Well, not much; it made him sort of mad, and I suppose he saw me drop the towel. Anyway, he told the other fellows that I couldn't get out nights with the boys because I had to stay home and help my mother do the housework.'

Mrs. Morris sighed; then as she hung the shining dishpan in its place and set away the clean dishes, she said: 'I am very sorry, dear, that you have to help me. If your father had lived it would have been so different. I wonder if the boys ever heard of the knight

who washed dishes and did other kinds of housework?'

'I don't know about the other boys, mother,' replied Alfred, who dearly loved to hear his mother tell a story, 'but I know I never did.'

It was long ago when King Arthur ruled the land. There were many enemies of the country to be driven out, and many wild beasts to be killed. So from every part of Arthur's kingdom young men came to help him and to join his Round Table. Among those who heard of the good king and wanted to go to help him was a youth named Gareth. But he was the youngest son and his parents were anxious that he should stay with them. Whenever he talked of joining the Round Table, his mother tried to persuade him to stay with her. But at last he had begged her so many times that she did give her consent. She said he could go on one condition only. The prince was to go to Arthur's hall in disguise and hire himself to work in the kitchen for his board. No one was to know his name, and he was to serve a year and a day. I suppose the mother thought her son would never go in that way. But he was braver than she knew, and soon journeyed down to Camelot, the city of the king. He came to Arthur's court, and the king must have been surprised when he did not ask for a horse or for a spear, but for permission to work for his board a year and a day in the kitchen. There he found much to bear. The work was hard and the chief servant was often cross and disagreeable to him, making him work harder than the others, draw the water, cut the wood, and do the heaviest tasks of any. It must have been difficult to be always patient, but Gareth remembered that even in the kitchen he was serving the king. After a little while his mother felt sorry because of the hard promise she had exacted from her son, and sent him arms and told him he need stay no longer among the servants.

'Well, he must have been glad of that,' said Alfred. 'What did he do next?'

'A maiden came to King Arthur asking him to send someone to help her sister, who was shut in her castle and watched by four terrible knights. The very worst of them all was continually begging her to marry him; but she did not want to, and yet did not know how to escape. The maiden thought Launcelot, the bravest knight and the king's dearest friend, would be the one to go, so she was very angry when she found it was Gareth. She taunted him and called him "kitchen brave," all the way. She even refused to eat at the same table with him. But Gareth always answered her courteously, and to her surprise, one after another the four frightful knights fell before the sword.'

'Good!' exclaimed Alfred. 'What did the girl say then?'

'She was much ashamed of all she had said; pitied and loved, and at last married Gareth. Sir Launcelot praised him for conquering the fierce knights, and praised him, too, because when he was tormented about his kitchen work he "answered graciously." Every time my boy helps me so willingly I am reminded of the brave knight and feel like calling him Sir Gareth. I am sure my boy will not forget his knighthood when he has harder battles to fight.'

And Alfred did.

'Count life by virtues; they will last.'

When life's lame, foiled race is o'er;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore.'

—Anonymous.

To-day is the Time.

(Wm. Reynolds, in the 'Christian Union Herald'.)

There is a saying which is applicable to all ages, but it has a special significance for young men: 'Do not put off until to-morrow that which can be done to-day.' Only too often he delays doing that, which, accomplished, would not only be to his advantage in early manhood, but would redound to his honor in old age.

For the sake of keeping the friendship of companions many a youth has been led from the paths of virtue and learning to ultimately sink into degradation and dishonor.

A young man's character is gradually, incessantly, but certainly molded to conform to the type of character belonging to his associates.

His will-power to do right may be strong—his resolutions may be many, but insidiously they are encroached upon until his former self is obliterated and we see instead a prototype of his companions.

The same law of affinity works equally well if his companions be righteous, God-fearing young men.

Put good ideas and resolutions into effect to-day. Opportunities are occurring in your life now that will not come as you grow older. You can not tell what may happen in the future to frustrate your plans; sickness or pecuniary difficulties may intervene, and the opportunities that are yours to-day may, in a short time, be gone forever.

Before every young man at a certain time of life stands a sign-post pointing two ways, figuratively speaking. One arm points to a beautiful road, very easy of access and easy to travel. Along its beautiful winding curves are charming stopping places, but at the end is bitter worldly failure if not eternal loss.

The other road is beset with difficulties; obstacles lie along the path and these the young man must overcome. There are no resting places until near its end; it is one ceaseless round of continual plodding drudgery; but this gives way toward the end to serene content and happiness from the knowledge of a duty well done.

Young man, you are probably at this sign-post. It is for you to decide upon which road you will travel. Make your decision to-day. Your conscience tells you to take the road which, although beset with difficulties, will lead with patient perseverance to commercial, industrial and spiritual triumph in the end.

Flower Stories.

Common Garden Tulip.

We all love the gay tulip, 'Tulipa gesneriana,' that makes such a pretty plot in the garden. When the sun shines, and the tulips bend their bright heads to the passing breeze, the image of such a lovely summer scene is often imprinted on the mind which is not soon forgotten.

There is also a wild tulip, 'Tulipa sylvestris,' that grows in the chalk-pits of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Middlesex, as also in the old quarries on the shores of the Firth of Forth, in Scotland. It is always yellow, and has a fragrant scent, which the garden-tulip cannot boast of. The people of Devonshire have a very pretty fairy story about the tulip, which is sure to interest our readers.

Long ago there was an old woman who lived in a sweet little cottage, and she cultivated a beautiful bed of tulips in her gar-

den. The fairies were so charmed with this spot that they carried their elfin babies to it, and sung them to rest among the tulips. Then beautiful strains of music would float in the air that seemed to come from the flowers themselves, and while they waved their heads to the evening breeze, it seemed as if they were marking time to their own singing. At the first dawn of light all the fairies came back from their dances on the green for their dear little babies, and they were heard kissing and caressing them. Contrary to their nature, these tulips had a most fragrant scent, for the fairies breathed over them out of gratitude to the old woman who kept the plot of tulips for them, and would not allow one of them to be plucked. When she died the fairies tended her grave, where the grass was the greenest and the flowers the brightest, though planted by no human hand.

Deeds of kindness are seldom forgotten: they generally leave a fragrant breath of pleasure behind them. Even a little flower, given with a kind wish in the heart, will often confer more happiness on both giver and receiver than many costlier gifts.—Joanna McKean, in 'Sunday Reading.'

The Eyes of Animals.

Did you ever try to see the sky with one eye and the ground with the other? The chameleon can do this. He is a lizard, you may remember, that can turn green, brown or red whenever he chooses. Birds and animals can do many things with their eyes that we cannot. For instance, your old Tabby cat can prowl at night and see perfectly well. Look closely at her and see how the pupils in her eyes can expand or contract as you hold her in darkness or light. The eyes of horses are set so they can see back of them without turning their head. That is the reason people put 'blinkers' on them. Just drive off Dobbin without those 'blinkers,' and watch him jump if you even so much as put out your hand for the whip. For the same reason rabbits are hard to snare. Even when chased by the hound, which runs very quietly, Br'er Rabbit always knows just where danger lies; for he can see behind him while running at full speed. The giraffe is protected this way, too, and then he can lift his head so high that he can see all over the country. You have heard that the mole is blind, but it isn't. I has two sharp eyes, though they are very tiny, and hidden under his velvet coat. You can imagine how little use he has for sight, as he lives underground.

Eyelids help to moisten the eyeball and keep it clean; so, as fish live in water, they do not need them. The eyeball is very hard and not easily hurt. Flies, gnats and spiders have a great many eyes. They are clustered into two spots, so may be called compound eyes. They see in all directions without moving. Birds can flatten their bright eyes or round them out at will. When they want to see something near by, they draw in these muscles. This rounds out the eyeball until it is like a magnifying glass. Then, wishing to look afar, they loosen the muscles and the eyeball grows much flatter—more nearly like a window pane. Then birdie has a gauzy little eyelid that clears and moistens his bright beads for him.—S. S. Visitor.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

'I Just Keep Still.'

'How is it, Rob,' asked one boy of another, that you never get into scraps like the rest of us?'

'Because I don't talk back,' answered Robbie, promptly. 'When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still.'

Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered—that of keeping still. If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't so much matter what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine times out of ten that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had 'freed your mind' in return.

'Just keeping still' is one of the things that saves time, trouble and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passed by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again, that the way to 'keep out of scraps' is to keep still.—The 'Christian.'

Counterfeit Christians.

(C. H. Yatman, in the New York 'Christian Herald'.)

Looks don't count. Many a deception these days. Men and money alike are often counterfeit.

I handled a queer five-dollar bill the other day. It had done a heap of good—paid the widow's rent, bought food for the hungry, squared up three or four bad accounts that had been worse than cancers for worry, made a church treasurer happy when he found it on the plate, and made the sexton happier when his back salary was partly paid by it; but in due course of time it came to the bank whose name it bore, and lo! the teller threw it out.

'What's wrong?' asked the depositor.

'Counterfeit.'

All its good deeds did not make it pass the bank, where its real character was discovered. I'm thinking of another day that is yet to come. It may be that some have done a heap of good; plenty of people passed them on for genuine Christians. They looked all right; sat in the pew like saints; scattered dollars like dew; but they have no God. He does not dwell in their heart. They have his name, but not him.

There are counterfeit Christians, just as there are counterfeit bills, and both are bad, in spite of looks.

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LITTLE FOLKS

A Useful Man.

There was once a youth named Oberlin, who lived in the north-east of France. He showed a gentle and loving spirit, and a desire to do good to others. Many stories are told of the ways in which he tried to make people happy.

One day, when crossing a busy market-place, he saw some very rude lads turn over a basket of fruit

found that the schools were miserable rooms, where the wild, dirty children were crowded together, with men to take care of them who had been used to look after sheep and pigs. He first built neat school-rooms, got proper masters, and soon the children were well taught.

The people had no roads from one place to another, and no bridges over rivers: so he set to work with

Christians. And, under God's blessing, they owed all to the kind heart and willing hand of John Oberlin.

At his death the funeral procession was two miles long, so much was he beloved by the people for whose good he had labored.—
'Friendly Greetings.'

Fred's Lesson.

'Come hammer in this nail, my boy, Here's hammer and a plank.'

'It's easily done,' said Fred with joy.

The nail went in, whink, whank.

'Now draw it out,' his father said, And out it came at length.

'That's not so easily done,' sighed Fred,

And takes a deal more strength.'

'But see an ugly hole remains, Come Fred, pull that out too.'

'It can't be done,' the boy complains,

No lad it can't, that's true.'

'So do right first, 'tis easier far Than to correct a wrong

And every wrong act leaves the scar That doth to it belong.'

—Selected.

How Johnny Helped.

(Frances Hastings, in 'Christian Register.')

It wasn't often that Johnny had to be left alone for a whole afternoon; but Lena was ill with the grip and couldn't even wait on the table, although mamma had four friends to luncheon. He couldn't visit with Harold or Isabel, because they both had the measles. In fact, measles and mumps together had broken up the kindergarten for nearly a week and Johnny had trotted round after his busy mother all the morning as she made the beds, took out the silver, arranged the flowers, consulted with cook and ran upstairs half a dozen times to see if Lena didn't feel just a little bit better, poor thing!

Then, when the 'pretty ladies' came and he was allowed to sit at the table with them instead of having his luncheon with Lena, he was so pleased and proud that he didn't mind at all because they were all going off to the club in the afternoon and he must stay alone.

'Really, I wouldn't go out at all,'



YOUNG OBERLIN'S KIND ACTION.

and eggs which a poor woman had come to sell. Oberlin told the boys of their bad conduct, and then ran quickly home, brought all the pocket-money he had, and gave it to her. The poor old creature cried aloud at this kind act.

At a very early age he used to offer up this short prayer: 'O God, teach me to do Thy will;' and it was his aim through life to make the will of God his own.

A life begun so well was devoted, as he grew up to be a man, to useful and pious deeds. He became a minister of the gospel to a people who lived in a very barren and rocky part of the country. He

found that the schools were miserable rooms, where the wild, dirty children were crowded together, with men to take care of them who had been used to look after sheep and pigs. He first built neat school-rooms, got proper masters, and soon the children were well taught. He induced their parents to build proper cottages, to plant fruit-trees, to cultivate fields, and even to print useful books, so that the people of the district, from being the most ignorant, idle, and wretched, became polite, wise, and busy, and numbers showed they were true

them with a pickaxe in his hand, and in time there were good roads formed and bridges built. The farmers had no ploughs, and he taught how to make and use them. There were no blacksmiths, masons, nor cartwrights in the district, and he chose out some of the elder boys, and sent them to a town to learn these trades.

his mother had said at the luncheon table, 'if I hadn't promised to open the discussion.'

'Oh, Johnny will not mind for once,' said Mrs. Churchill, Johnny's mother's most intimate friend, just as Harold was Johnny's.

'No, I suppose he doesn't mind for once,' echoed his mother rather doubtfully. 'He is my helper-boy; and he can build with his blocks and he can look at his picture-books and he can play with his railroad cars and, if he is tired, he can go out and stay with cook.'

Johnny looked wise and said nothing; but his eyes danced and his dimples twinkled, because he knew already what he was going to do. He had heard what his mother said when she had given her hair the parting pat before her mirror and started downstairs to receive her guests. She said:

'There, I've done every single thing this morning except dusting the library. Perhaps I shall have time to do it after the club and before papa comes home.'

Now don't you see what Johnny was going to do? Why, dust the library, of course, just as any helper-boy would wish to do for his mother. So, as soon as the ladies had each kissed him good-bye and his mother twice, and the house was still, he began.

Johnny knew where Lena kept the big feather duster. He could never remember to want it except when she was using it, though, dusting the gas fixtures or picture frames and so this was a good time to take it. Lena always used nice, soft, square cloths for most of the dusting, but he didn't know where those were. Never mind! A boy mustn't be particular when he is helping his mother; and here was papa's muffler, which looked almost like a duster and would do nicely. He remembered how Lena always rinsed out the dusters after using them and how the dirt came right out. So it couldn't hurt the muffler and it would be fun to wash it.

Then Johnny went to work. He began on the radiator and then he scrubbed the corner of the floor where the rug didn't come. The radiator or something was very dusty and the muffler looked very dingy. He did not like to stop

then to wash it so he flicked the feather brush over the piano and with infinite pains moved the chairs so that he could climb on them and reach the pictures. He didn't see the scratches he made, but he was sorry he caught his heel in the fringe of the arm-chair when he got down and tore off a strip of it. He looked at it sorrowfully, but then he knew he couldn't help it.

He was getting tired and dusty himself and it wasn't quite so much fun as it was at first. Besides, it was rather discouraging to knock a vase of flowers from the top of the low bookcase and see the water run down on the books and make a puddle on the rug. It was even worse to cut his pink forefinger with the glass when he was mopping up the water with the muffler and he felt almost as if he would like to run out in the kitchen and stay with cook.

(To be continued.)

My Squirrel Friend.

(Helen M. Richardson, in 'Zion's Herald'.)

Have you ever noticed the little cushioned thumbs between which the gray squirrel holds the kernel of the nut which he is eating? If you ever have the good fortune to tame one sufficiently, watch him while he is eating the nut which you have cracked for him.

He first seizes it in two monkey-like claws so many-jointed that he can twist them into almost any shape while extracting the kernel. When a piece of meat escapes from the shell, notice how quickly it is grasped between the two padded joints which serve the squirrel as thumbs. Between these soft cushions he holds the dislodged nutmeat, at the same time firmly clutching the shell, to make sure of any more food which it may contain.

Gray squirrels are very easily tamed, patience, kindness, and nuts being the chief requisites. As all squirrels are in the habit of punching an uncracked nut into the ground for future use, if they do not happen to be particularly hungry, I have learned that more pleasure is gained from their company by cracking the nut before presenting it to them. The temptation to stop and eat is thus

increased, and the taming process is greatly simplified.

The first gray squirrel whose acquaintance I made came to me in the form of a surprise, as good things are apt to come. I called him 'Silverskin,' his coat was such a pretty, silvery gray, the name seemed to suit him better than any other. And then his tail! The first time that I saw him, he stood beneath it like a monk saying his prayers. His forepaws met upon his breast in an attitude of supplication, and his large eyes looked appealingly into mine.

I had no idea, then, that I could tame him. He was merely a chance acquaintance, such as I am frequently making among the little wild people of the forest. I might never see him again, but I stopped to admire him and to speak a gentle word. After our first encounter, however, we were continually running across each other, and I soon found that, if I desired the companionship of my little friend, I must make it worth his while to stay with me. So I got in the habit of holding a cracked nut in a motionless hand for a bait. It was as alluring to the squirrel as a piece of cheese is to a hungry mouse. A dart—and the nut changed owners.

After a while I ventured to hold one a little beyond his reach, still keeping my hand motionless. Slowly, cautiously, with much writhing of the body and twitching of the bushy tail, the squirrel approached, put two monkey-like claws in my hand, and reached up for the nut.

He soon grew perfectly fearless, and would sit as confidently upon my knee as if it had been the limb of a tree. He always kept me in full view, however, and always faced me while eating.

Before the summer was over I could call him to me as easily as though he had been a dog; and often, when I have been asleep in my hammock, I have been awakened by a quick jerk at the rope, to encounter the large brown eyes of my little friend fastened intently upon me. He would then begin a systematic search from hands to feet for the nuts which he seldom failed to find.



LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 10, 1905.

Reading and Obeying the Law

Neh. viii., 8-18.

Golden Text.

Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.—Luke xi., 28.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 4.—Neh. viii., 1-8.
 Tuesday, December 5.—Neh. viii., 9-18.
 Wednesday, December 6.—Neh. ix., 1-12.
 Thursday, December 7.—Neh. ix., 13-25.
 Friday, December 8.—Neh. ix., 26-38.
 Saturday, December 9.—Neh. x., 28-39.
 Sunday, Dec. 10.—Neh. xiii., 15-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Upon the stone pavement, in the great plaza in Jerusalem, a great throng was seated in the gray of the morning. It had been variously estimated at between twenty and fifty thousand. Parents have brought their children in hopes that the scene will be caught in the sensitive plate of memory. Over there was the gate through which the Gibeonites fetched water for use in the temple. Behind them was the temple itself—monument of the pious zeal of the returned exiles; inclosing all, the walls, completed only seven days before; in the midst, a rude wooden platform, such as we see at our modern hustings.

In obedience to the note of the silver trumpet, this uncommon multitude had gathered at the Feast of the New Moon, at the opening of the seventh month, crowded with its sacred festivals. And the people, of their own accord, having a premonition that the voice of prophecy would cease, and that they stood on the edge of the silent centuries, had requested that they might hear the written Word.

Ezra, the second Moses, the second founder of the Jewish State, ascended the wooden pulpit, accompanied by thirteen of the most influential Levites. Just as the sun rose he held aloft the yellow scroll. As before the sun the darkness of nature rolled back, so the Lamp of the Word was about to remove the darkness of their minds—a darkness intensified by the captivity and subsequent neglect.

At sight of the book of the law, the people rose in token of their reverence. No doubt, as Ezra held up the hand-written volume he uttered an exclamation of praise to God, that out of the wreck of the past this treasure had been preserved. He may have used the very language David did on the occasion of the people's generosity toward the temple building fund, 'Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father, for ever and ever! A hundred thousand hands went up toward heaven and fifty thousand tongues raised the response, 'Amen! Amen!'

Now the vast audience composed itself to listen to the reading of the law. The ears of all the people were attentive unto the book. There was rapt, devout, sympathetic listening. No wonder it is said Ezra read distinctly. No one was better qualified to do so. He had edited the whole Bible, had gathered the scattered books, and completed the canon. He had weighed and marked every word. He could give each sentence its correct inflection. Then, too, it was with him a task of love. He might have exclaimed with David, 'O how I love Thy law! How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to

my mouth.' Love gave a sweetness to his accent that carried the word to the heart.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. BACKSLIDING: FACT VS. THEORY.

An ancient example.
 The revival under Nehemiah and Ezra.
 Reading the law—its effect.
 Protestations of allegiance.
 Favorable conditions—temple and wall built.
 Backslide in spite of all.

II. BACKSLIDING: ITS CAUSE.

Neglect and desecration of the Sabbath.
 Attendance at temple falls off.
 Gifts deteriorate.
 Manual labor on Lord's-day.

III. BACKSLIDING: CURED.

Sabbath desecration stopped.
 Nehemiah's example and exhortations.
 His moral and legal measures.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The Sabbath question is two thousand years old, if not six thousand! Those who think it is a question incident to the progress of the twentieth century betray their ignorance of that historic volume, the Book of Nehemiah.

The same principles maintain now as in Nehemiah's day. The secularization of the day begins in the same way now as then. What cured Sabbath desecration then will cure it now.

This Sabbath question is a personal question as well as a national one. Decline in piety and usefulness usually begins with the neglect of Sabbath duties, and then proceeds to the active profanation of the day. The door of the heart's temple must be shut against the stream of worldliness on the eve of the Sabbath, and not opened until after the Sabbath.

'All the people wept.' Conduct measured by the Bible produces contrition. The Divine ideal of character put opposite the literal human character brings compunction.

'Mourn not.' Excessive and persistent intrepescion is positively harmful. Taking stock of 'feelings' is a morbid business. There is a wholesome oblivion of the past by means of which actual progress can be made. Joy is strength. Sorrow is weakness. The joy which God gives the penitent is like a strong-hold.

'Chiefs of the fathers.' The clan or tribal life of Israel was a simple, but effective, mode of organization. The advantage of it is seen whether the matter proposed is the building of a wall or the promulgation of a law.

Foregleams of universal brotherhood are not wanting. The Jews were commanded to remember slaves and Gentiles in feast time. (Deut. xvi., 4.)

This is an early instance of uniform Bible-study. The advantageous results are just as apparent now as then.

'All the people stood up.' Reverential posture in worship is no insignificant matter. Common courtesy requires of visitors that they conform to the posture assumed by the congregation in worship.

'Read distinctly, gave the sense, caused them to understand.' No finer description of the art of public reading was ever given.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 10.—Topic—The city of God. Rev. xxii., 1-8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A MESSENGER AND A MESSAGE.

Monday, December 4.—Moses's message. Ex. iii., 10-18.

Tuesday, December 5.—Nathan's message. II. Sam. xii., 1-10.

Wednesday, December 6.—Jonah's message. Jonah i., 1-10.

Thursday, December 7.—Ananias's message. Acts ix., 10-18.

Friday, December 8.—The disciples' message. Matt. x., 2-7.

Saturday, December 9.—God's call to Samuel. I. Sam. iii., 1-10.

Sunday, December 10.—Topic—A little messenger and his message. I. Sam. iii., 11-18.

THE CITY OF GOD.

The Oriental mind delights to picture heaven as a palace in the midst of a paradise, with a stream whose silver surface reflects the foliage on its banks. Again, it is a city with jewelled walls and golden streets, which need no artificial illumination, as the Divine presence directly lights it. But heaven is more of a state than a place. It consists not so much, if at all, in external, material, beautiful, and costly things, as in subjective and moral qualities of the human soul. So each is building his own heaven now. According to his industry and success in the evolution of his spiritual nature his heaven will be a large or a small one.

Christian Politeness.

When we see a man meeting a stranger or guest at the door of his dwelling, with a warm grasp of the hand and a friendly 'How do you do? I am delighted to see you! Walk in, sir!' and if then he ushers him to the very best and most comfortable chair in his house, where he entertains him for an hour or more in the most charming manner; and if, when the guest leaves the house he is asked to 'be sure and come again,' we make up our minds that the man of that house is a polite man; that he is kind and courteous to strangers.

But if we follow that same man to church and see him sitting in his pew in a sort of majestic repose, as though the church were his, and as if God and man were hired to do his bidding, when there are strangers standing in the aisles of the church looking for a seat; or if we see him spreading himself over an entire hymn-book all to himself, when there is a stranger sitting by his side who would like to sing if he had a book, or part of one; or if, when the service is over, we see him walking proudly down the aisle without turning either to the right or to the left, without a word of cheer or encouragement for anyone, then we must, in justice to the meaning of the English language, say that man is lacking in common politeness. True politeness shows itself in every place—at home and abroad; in the church and in the business mart.

A man should use the seat he occupies in church very much as he does a chair in his own home. If he cannot provide a stranger with another seat he should gladly surrender his own. Members of the Christian Church should never allow themselves to be guilty of the discourtesy of seeing a visitor or a stranger go away from the house of God without ascertaining how he enjoyed the service, how he liked the minister, how he was pleased with the singing, and, if possible, being introduced to the pastor. In short, strangers should be received as becometh the saints, and should be assisted in whatever they may need. These little civilities, with a 'how do you do?' and a 'Come again,' cost the members very little, but go far toward making strangers feel comfortable at church.—The 'Pulpit.'

'A Little While.'

These words of the Master are also a trumpet-call to duty. In a little while my post in the pulpit shall be empty; what manner of minister ought I to be in fidelity to dying souls? Sabbath school teacher, in a little while you shall meet the young immortals in your class for the last time! Are you winning them to Christ? The time is short. Whatever your hands find to do for the Master, 'do it!' Do it, Aquila and Priscilla in the Sunday school! Do it, Lydia in the home! Do it, Dorcas with thy needle, and Mary in the room of sickness and sorrow! Do it, Tertius with thy pen, and Appollos with thy tongue! Do it, praying Hannah with thy children, and make for them the 'little coat' of Christian character which they shall wear when you have gone home to a mother's heavenly reward!—Dr. Cuyler in 'Episcopal Recorder.'

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes, turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.

Correspondence

Earlswood, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I always weary for Sabbath morning, for then mamma lets me read your nice paper. I see so many good letters that I think I will write one too.

One Sunday morning papa and mamma saw chickens flying and Indians running and a wolf after the chickens. Papa saw the wolf catch one of them.

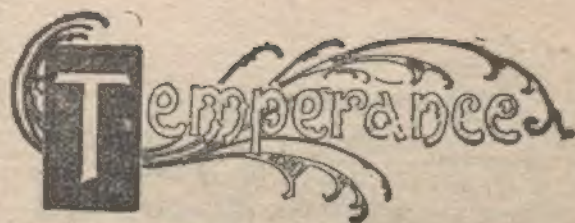
The Indians set a big hound after it. The

the fifth book. I like going to school if it were a nice road.

I think the answer to Elsie Campbell's question is a ladder, the top of it reaching to heaven, and angels ascending and descending, and the Lord stood upon it. Genesis xxviii, 12th and 13th verses. It says that the Lord spoke to Jacob.

The drawings are beautiful, but as I can not draw very well I will leave it to some one else to do. I was not at a picnic this summer, but I was away other places.

I am fond of reading, and could hardly tell what book I like best. I am also fond of



Miss Deborah's Dream.

(Maggie Fearn, in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER II.

AN ILLUMINED VISION.

'I woke, and found that life was duty.'

(Concluded.)

'Our lesson to-day is a Temperance lesson,' said Miss Deborah at last; 'and after what has transpired you will none of you be surprised to hear that I have a pledge book with me, and shall be sincerely thankful if any one, or all, of you will take this pledge this afternoon, signing your names after mine. I shall have very little to say to you to-day upon the real lesson, and shall make no attempt to set before you the usual reasons for signing. We will take up the subject at some other time, and discuss it as it deserves to be discussed. Now it shall be only brought before us as a personal matter, a heart question, upon which for some of us perhaps, God knows, hang the issues of life and death. Girls, do not let me have to add to my heavy burden of self-reproach by your refusal to do what may prove your mightiest safeguard through life. God helping me, I am about to take this solemn pledge this afternoon, with the strong determination to strive hereafter never to do anything that may cause a weak brother or sister to offend; never to knowingly put a stumbling block in the way of another. Won't you join me in this holy crusade against one of the worst sins which meets us at every turn of the life-road? Girls, for God's sake, for the sake of the true and the right, for your own sakes, sign the pledge!'

Miss Deborah's voice choked for a moment, and she covered her face with her hands. Then taking a pen she opened a new pledge book, and subscribed her name in neat, fair characters—'Deborah Duncan.'

She paused, and gazed at her own autograph almost curiously for a second or two, as if even the incongruity of its presence in that suggestive book were an enigma to her; then she looked up and around. Were there any who were ready and willing to follow her example? At first not one of the girls moved. There seemed a spell holding them from freedom of action, till suddenly, as if breaking away from some unseen power, Lottie Carlton sprang to her feet, and went forward to the table.

'I'll sign, Miss Deborah,' she said, and all noticed that her voice was husky and hurried.

She took the pen from Miss Deborah's hand, and wrote her name with haste, but evident determination. Then, in a half whisper, she said to Miss Deborah, 'I'll be up at your house by-and-bye, to speak to you, if I may,' and without a word to either of the other girls she hastened from the classroom.

Priscilla May had been sitting in an attitude of strained attention all the time Miss Deborah had been talking, and during the subsequent scenes, and as Lottie Carlton left the room, Priscilla slowly rose. She went over to Miss Deborah's side, and caught her hand, holding it with nervous force.

'I'd sign,' she said, 'only everybody would laugh at me and taunt me about—about my father, and I don't see how I could bear it.'

Miss Deborah drew the girl down to her, and kissed her with strange gentleness. She was habitually undemonstrative, and that little act of kindly yearning affection moved all the girls in a peculiar manner. Priscilla drew in her breath with a little sob.

'We'll stand by you, Pris,' whispered one or two of the class who sat near. And so Priscilla signed.

By ones and twos the other girls followed, but shrinking in the background stood Ellen White. Miss Deborah was carefully observing her, but let her have time. At last Ellen



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Old Homestead.' Nellie Reid (11), M., Quebec.

2. 'My two Ducks.' Georgina Milne (10), R., Que.

3. 'My Kitty.' Jaletta M. Ruby, B.P.

4. 'The Deer' (head only). Howard Caulfield (8), R., Que.

5. 'Mary and her pet Lamb.' Hay Milne (12), R., Que.

6. 'Apple.' Mack Derrick (8), S. F., Que.

7. 'A Spray' (pear). Vera J. Henderson, M., N. O.

8. 'The Little Snowbird' (a calendar for December). Fred Caulfield (12), R., Ont.

9. 'Mr. and Mrs. Pussy and their Family.' Bessie and Mabel Douglass.

10. 'Deer.' Gladys Bradshaw (12), G., Que.

hound ran fast, and when the wolf saw it gaining on him he let the hen drop, and the Indian carried her over, and when they came mamma gave them a quarter. The chicken is still living, but she is a little bit lame.

I am in the Third Reader, and taught at home.

ETHEL McMILLAN (9).

C.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper very much. It has been in our home so long we would miss it very much if it were stopped. I like to read the correspondence page, and the conundrums, also the Temperance page. I like to see the snow here in Canada. We have so much fun sliding. There is just a little snow here yet. Some people have the sleighs out. My sister and I go to school, and are both in

music, but I can not play very much on the organ.

I have never read the book which is entitled 'Queechy,' but by the description given by E. G. F., I think it must be very interesting.

One of the books I have read was 'From Log-cabin to White House.' It was about a boy, who with his parents settled in the United States when it was mostly forest. He worked a few days and went to school, and worked himself up till he became President of the United States. Whatever he tried to do he would almost always succeed in doing well. He became a great speaker on temperance.

ESSIE PEEVER (14).

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

dragged herself slowly to the table, and sank down on her knees by Miss Deborah's side. Her hand was instantly grasped, firmly and lovingly.

'Miss Deborah, I daren't sign, because I couldn't keep true. Oh, I wish I dare! Last week, when we had a Temperance meeting, I thought I must have gone to the pledge table just to try if I could stand by such a promise; but then I said to myself, 'It won't matter. Miss Deborah doesn't think it's right to sign, and she's a Christian.' But now it's different. You've asked us girls, and I'd do it for you if I ought; but I'm afraid. You know about mother; I must speak, though I hate to do it. But I believe if I signed I couldn't keep the pledge, because the trouble's in our family.'

Ellen seemed to have forgotten the presence of the other girls, and clung to Miss Deborah pitifully. How like, and yet unlike, was all this to the dream!

'Ellen,' said Miss Deborah gently, 'God can work miracles now, just as easily as He could years ago; and He is doing it oftener than many of us think. He is able to keep you from falling.'

'Me?' 'Me?' cried Ellen.

'Yes; shall we ask Him?'

In a hushed and earnest voice Miss Deborah prayed; then, still kneeling, she began softly to sing:—

'Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.'

When they rose from their knees Ellen's face was very pale, but her manner calm and her voice firm.

'I'll sign, Miss Deborah,' she said.

As Miss Deborah turned the corner of the road leading to her home she saw Lottie Carlton lingering near, as if waiting for her.

'May I speak to you a minute, Miss Deborah? I want to tell you something. It's something about myself. I've wanted to speak to you before, but somehow I thought you might not understand. After what's occurred this afternoon I feel sure you will; and I think you'll be glad, too, Miss Deborah.'

'What is it, Lottie?'

'You know Fred Holmes, Miss Deborah? He's been very friendly lately, and I thought I liked him.'

Lottie's cheeks were pink, and her eyes troubled. Miss Deborah started, and involuntarily grasped the girl's arm.

'Lottie!' she said.

'Don't!' Lottie answered, in a strained voice. 'I know all about him, Miss Deborah; and I wouldn't have liked you to see me walking with him. He comes to father's, you know, and that's how he and me got acquainted. I knew all the time it wasn't right; but he's so handsome, and nice, and always has plenty of money—'

'Lottie!' cried Miss Deborah, again in real and unspeakable distress.

'Don't!' repeated Lottie. 'It's all over now. It must be, you see, after what I've done this afternoon.'

Then she stopped.

'Good-bye, and thank you, Miss Deborah. I'll come and see you some other time. I must go home now, but I'll keep true.'

There had gone forth the story of that strange Temperance lesson at Miss Deborah's Bible class, and when she herself was leaving the evening service the minister detained her. 'Miss Deborah,' said he, as he shook her hand, 'has the millennium come already?'

She smiled, a bright, grave smile, but the calm of the day still held her.

'If we won't learn lessons in one way, we are taught them in another. God will have us learn them somehow. He has made me wise in the watches of the night. Mr. Armstrong, such a dream as was sent me last night comes but once in a lifetime.'

'It has already gathered a wonderful harvest, Miss Deborah.'

'Ah, you don't know half, and I can't tell you,' said Miss Deborah. 'But God knows, and so do the other souls that my dream has illumined, and that is enough.'

HOUSEHOLD.

'At Evening Time it Shall be Light.'

(Mary B. Willey, in the 'American Messenger'.)

Light at the sun's declining;
Light at the gloaming time;
Light when the time-bells solemn
Ring out the evening chime.

Light when the lengthened shadows
Foretell the coming night,
And earth seems farewell taking
Of what seemed fair and bright.

Light—for the sun is sinking
Below the horizon's rim
Sends back his rays effulgent,
The gloaming to illumine.

Life has its evening shadows,
When youth and health are fled
And friends and dearly-loved ones
Are numbered with the dead.

But upon life's dark gloaming
Rays forth the light Divine,
And through the darkest shadows
Come whispers—'Thou art mine.'

A Guide to Conversation.

Subjects not to be mentioned in polite society: The rainy weather, the muddy roads, the cook's impertinence, the vase the second girl broke, the dress on which the waiter spilled the gravy, the other which the dressmaker ruined, headache, backache, indigestion, the minister's faults, horrible accidents, disappointments, lack of money, all tales of badness, meanness, unkindness, extravagance, imprudence, scandal, backbiting, and vicious deeds.

Topics recommended:

Pleasant weather, 'how does your garden grow,' new recipes, the best way to mend tablecloths, about babies, dogs, cats, your companion's recent trip (your own if specially urged), music, books, magazines, preachers, philanthropists, weddings, picnics, all acts of goodness, kindness, patience, charity, and all the virtues.—The 'Christian Age.'

Selected Recipes.

INEXPENSIVE CAKES.

Fruit Cake.—Seed and chop a quarter of a pound of dates; mix with them one cupful of seeded raisins, and dust them with half a cupful of flour. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of baking soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water; add to it half a pint of very thick sour cream; stir a moment and add one cupful of brown sugar, half a tumblerful of currant or blackberry jelly, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of allspice, and two cupfuls and a half of flour; beat thoroughly; add the fruit; mix well, and turn into a greased square bread pan. Bake in a very slow oven for one hour and a half. Keep in a cake-box one week before cutting. If the cream is thick and sour, this cake will be quite equal to plain fruit-cake.

Strawberry Cannelon.—Boil two cups of wa-

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and Economical.

ter and a cup of sugar ten minutes, add a teaspoon of gelatine soaked in cold water, stir until the gelatine is dissolved and take from the stove. Cool, add the juice of an orange, the juice of a lemon and a cup of strawberry juice. Strain and freeze as ice cream. Boil a third of a cup of sugar in a fourth of a cup of water until it spins a thread, then pour on the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until cold, flavor with vanilla and fold in a cup of cream whipped until stiff and dry. Line a cylindrical mould with the frozen sherbet, fill in the centre with the cream mixture and let it stand packed in ice and salt for several hours.

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Wholesome Activities.

Having given such knowledge to the child as his best good demands, wise parents will seek to fortify him through the turbulent period of developing manhood and womanhood, by the best physical and mental helps. Let there be for boys and girls alike, as much as possible of vigorous outdoor exercise upon which to expend their redundant energy. Let them skate and ride the bicycle, and run and race, and play ball and tennis, and work in the garden, and saw wood. The popularity among students of football has its root, however unconsciously to themselves, in their physical need for violent exercise. If football, which is charged with being a brutal game and which indeed may be played in a brutal manner, can be placed under proper restrictions, it may be made a safeguard to the morality of students or other young men, whose sedentary life has in it an element of danger. The physical activity of young people need not be expended wholly in play, but in the country, may very properly be used industrially in the garden or in wood-sawing, and with compensation. When these boys and girls of ours shall have reached years of maturity, they will thank us for the habits of thrift we have encouraged in them, whereby they have laid up a share of their modest income in the savings bank to help them through college or to begin some business enterprise. When these same boys and girls shall have come to manhood and womanhood, and the real stress of life begins, they will bless us, if we have had the wisdom and the heroism to deny their present importunities, and to keep them boys and girls in their tastes and pleasures as long as possible, and to have up with religious care, their vital forces for the glorious activities that wait for healthy, harmonious manhood and womanhood.

While it is important that wholesome physical activity be provided for the young, it is of no less moment that their minds be healthfully employed during the period of physical excitement and unrest. The Agassiz Club, that

introduces them to the study of plants and birds and minerals, is an admirable adjunct of the school. And happy is the child who has begun acquaintance with standard literature while yet unable to read for himself, so that as soon as the mechanical difficulties of reading are mastered, he is ready to enjoy at first hand the great authors.

Another safeguard for the young is in the father and mother love. It is not enough that in their hearts parents love their children; they need to show that they love them. Many a son and daughter might be saved from evil ways, and from the misery of unhappy marriage, if the craving for love expressed had been met in father or mother. The mother's kiss may seal the son to chastity; the father's strong, loving arm about the daughter may hold her to all that is sweetest and purest.—Mrs. Elizabeth Powell Bond.

Household Hints.

To sterilize milk, place it in a clean glass bottle or can; then place the bottle in any metallic vessel, and pour the water around it till it has reached the level of the milk, and place over a fire and heat to a temperature of 150 degrees. Keep it at this temperature for thirty minutes, then plug up the mouth of the bottle with clean cotton and keep until needed. The cotton offers a barrier to the entrance of all germs, which is truly wonderful.

A pan of water standing in an inhabited room becomes utterly filthy and unfit for drink in a few hours. This depends on the fact that the water has the faculty of condensing, and thereby absorbing all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The cooler the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. The breathed atmosphere of the room is therefore improved by the water; if often changed, proves a good purifier.

TEA LEAVES.

'What are you going to do with these tea leaves?' I asked a friend, one day. A heap-

ing bowlful of tea leaves stood upon the table, and my friend was equipped for sweeping.

'I am going to put them on my carpet,' she answered.

'For the fun of sweeping them up again?' I asked, with a laugh.

'Is it possible you never have heard of our grandmothers' methods of sweeping a carpet, without raising dust?' she asked.

While she talked, she industriously scattered the fragrant leaves over her carpet. I watched her with much interest, as she seized her broom and went to work. I noticed that the dust which otherwise would have been whirling around the room, remained wrapped up in the wet leaves, which at last were gathered into a dust-pan. I also noticed that scarcely any dust had settled upon the furniture; and that her carpet looked as bright as if it had been washed.

That night I began to save tea leaves, and have saved them ever since. It is very little trouble. I keep a large bowl into which I put the leaves, having first thoroughly drained them through a strainer. I never sweep a carpet without using them, with the exception of my parlor carpet, which is very light. Besides keeping down the dust, the wet leaves brighten the carpet wonderfully, and are much easier to sweep up than salt, which also is used for the same purpose.

—New York 'Observer.'

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

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